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PHILIPPINE AND
OTHER VERSES



ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT



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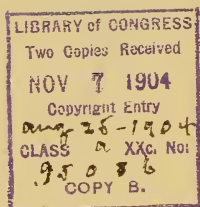
PHILIPPINE AND OTHER VERSES



ERWIN C. GARRETT.

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These little verses, many of them, have been the outgrowth of my experiences in the Philippine Islands during the Insurrection of 1899-1902, as a private in Companies "L" and "G" 23rd U. S. Infantry, and later in Troop "I", 5th U. S. Cavalry, (Regulars).

Several of these pieces have appeared from time to time in "The Philadelphia (Sunday) Inquirer," "The Evening Bulletin," (Philadelphia,) "The Evening Telegraph," (Philadelphia) and "The Pittsburg (Sunday) Post."

E. C. G.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1904.

*Heaven and Hell and Sorrow and Joy and War
and Peace and Strife,*

*What a comical combination goes to making a
soldier's life.*

He's dark for a coat of white-wash—

But "white" 'neath his coat of tan ;

So hold out your paw,

(And your heart, what's more),

To the Regular Army man,

Yes Yes :

And a three times three and a tiger for

THE REGULAR ARMY MAN.

THE CRUEL AMERICAN SOLDIER.

It's hot and dry, and the tropic sky
Is a sheet of burnished blue;
And the paddies bare in the stifling air
Have a sickening, saffron hue.

And you ride along with never a song,
With never a quib or jest;
Through jungle and vale, o'er hill and dale,
From valley to mountain crest.

The parrots white in the dazzling light,
Are screeching overhead,
And the monkeys chaff and seem to laugh,
And know you wish you were dead.

And you've got the blues as in "column of two's"
Through the heat and dust you ride,
No water's nigh, and your canteen's dry,
And you're blamed near starved beside.

But the day's nigh done, and the setting sun
Drops down in the China Sea,
And the first faint breeze through the highest
trees
Is speaking to you and me.

And soon we'll hear that balm to the ear,
 'Twill be "Halt!" "Dismount!" and then—
But what is this to spoil that bliss
 To the souls of tired men?

A body lies 'neath the twilight skies
 Just ahead beside the trail,
And hacked and cut in a bloody rut
 Stares up in the daylight pale.

'Tis a fellow who (a bunkie to you)
 You had talked to in the morn;
Now there he lay in the evening gray
 Cut, mutilated and torn.

A month on the trail will seldom fail
 To harden the soul of man,
And a friend found dead with a grass-stuffed
 head
 To soothe you—it hardly can.

And the lizards mock in the growing dark,
 And the pale moon laughs in scorn,
And the fevered sod bears the curse of God,
 And may claim you ere the morn.

The earth seems black from front to back,
 "God's country" is far away,
Revenge is sweet, and here 'tis mete
 It should come ere another day.

* * * * *

(One month later.)

And of course that's how they raised such a row,
From 'Frisco to Boston-town,
And the papers lied and the ladies cried
For our poor "little brothers brown."

THE ARMY GROWL.

*Oh beware of the cock that never crows,
Of the bird without a song;
Oh beware of the duck with never a quack—
There is something radically wrong.*

*Oh beware of the dog without a bark,
Of the snake without a hiss—
And—beware of the soldier without a growl—
Above ALL remember this.*

He will growl when he answers reveille,
He'll growl when the lamps are lit,
He'll growl when he has to groom his horse,
He'll growl when he "strikes the grit."

He'll growl 'cause the W. C. T. U.
Have stolen his booze and beer,
And he has to go to a native shack
For "beno's" poisonous cheer.

He'll growl when he's up to his knees in mud,
In a rice paddy's sticky mire;
He'll growl 'bout the "niggers" he has to chase
'Neath the tropic's scorching fire.

He'll growl in the rainy season 'cause
He is wet the live-long day,
And he'll growl when the weather's hot and dry,
For the fever's holding sway.

Yes, he'll growl when he's in the "calaboose,"
For getting a little drunk;
He'll growl at the government beans and slum,
The java and spuds and punk.

He'll growl at "the top" whom he doesn't love
(And the captain on the side),
And he'll growl when he's sick or walking post,
'Bout inspection, march or ride.

But—he'll live on "emergency ration,"
Where the average man would die,
And he'll hike all day 'neath the tropic sun
Though his throat is hot and dry.

And he'll walk his post through the long wet
night
'Neath the gloom of the dripping palm,
While the fever's burning his very soul,
Though his face is set and calm.

And he'll charge 'neath a hotter fire than
E'er welcomed the Light Brigade,
And he'll hold a trench with the easy grace
Of militia on parade.

And he'll tend to a wounded comrade who
May have dropped with a shattered knee,
Or at roll he'll answer his bunkie's name
(The same being out on a spree).

So give 'im his growl (but don't *you* howl),
And let him growl when he can,
For he sure has enough to make him gruff—
The Regular Army Man.

*Oh beware of the cock that never crows,
Of the bird without a song;
Oh beware of the duck with never a quack,
There is something radically wrong.*

*Oh beware of the dog without a bark,
Of the snake without a hiss,
And—beware of the soldier without a growl—
Above ALL remember this.*

A SOUTHERN PHILIPPINE GUARD.

Did you ever pike a post,
When the morn was come almost,
And that lonely light to eastward tells the coming
of the day?
All the rest the world's asleep,
And the shadows seem most deep,
And the Moros of the southern isles turn Meccaward
to pray.

Southward toward Celebes,
O'er those glassy tropic seas,
You can almost smell the spices, and the jungle
odors rare;
And from eastern Mindanao
Down to little green Bongao
Stately palms are gently swaying in the flower-
scented air.

And you're treading back and forth,
Glancing west and south and north,
And the faint light to the eastward makes the
shadows' darker gloom;
And upon the coral beach,
Twixt the parrots' rising screech,
You can hear the steady cadence of the South
Sea's surly boom.

Where the farthest shadows meet,
You may hear the tom-tom's beat
From a shack upon the hillside, or the beach a
mile away;
In the West still reigns the night,
In the East a pearly light
Is proclaiming the approaching of another tropic
day.

And a hush is on your soul,
And the warm sea's silent roll
Bears you eastward, eastward, eastward, 'cross
those leagues of swelling foam;
For you seem to slowly rise,
And transported through the skies,
You are borne to "God's Country," you are borne
back to home.

Back ten thousand miles to where
Live all those for whom ye care;
Looms each face, each house, each landscape
plain before your gazing sight,
But a palm-limb's falling thud
Checks your dream-enchanted blood—
And the parrots screech more loudly, and the
world is growing light.

HIKING.

Oh, it's hiking, hiking, hiking—hiking the live-
long day;

And it's pouring, pouring, pouring from the
heavens leaden gray;

And it's eighty miles from quarters, and eight
thousand miles from home;

And you're hungry, wet and tired, and you
roam, roam, roam.

* * * * *

Two good feet deep the waters lie
In the paddies soggy bare,
And two miles high the floods come down
Through the stifling tropic air.

And two by two in dun and blue,
With shoulders hunched and wet,
The half-starved troopers sodden ride,
On mounts more sodden yet.

It's splash and thud and splash and thud,
All down along the line,
(Cold water's ooze in army shoes
Is really something fine).

No pipe will stand a pour like this,
No bird dares sing a song,
No cheerful sound can emanate
From that line thin and long.

The damp winds sneak with sickly shriek
Through clumps of bare bamboo,
And the fire-tree ('twixt you and me)
Is looking almost blue.

Emergency ration four days out
Is falling rather flat,
And the troop all swear it's chicken-food,
That's made by Mr. Pratt.

No booze in sight, no bunk in sight,
No chew, no smoke, no sleep,
And a bunch of "niggers" off a way,
There in the jungle deep.

They're slipp'ry as eels in summer;
They hate a krag or "gun,"
They stab behind (if they've the odds),
And then they up and run.

"Amigo" to your face, forsooth,
Or when you spend the dough,
But a red-hand "katipunan" when
You turn around to go.

A score of miles since early morn,
The same ere close of night,
A comrade's life to be avenged,
A hate both just and right.

A grumble and a look ahead,
A "column right" or "left,"
A low bough hanging 'cross the trail,^f
A duck both quick and deft.

The horse behind is splashing mud
Right down your blooming neck,
And a prickly branch has whipped your side
And left your shirt a wreck.

Ye gods! in truth, 'tis warfare this;
No wild charge o'er a plain—
Excitement of the moment 'midst
The shouts of martial strain.

But hunt, hunt, hunt, and plod, plod, plod,
O'er the trail without an end,
After the "insurrectos"—
For that's the word they send

From "The Palace" in Manila;
They've clicked it o'er the wire,
And we hit the trail and never fail
To do as they desire.

* * * * *

Oh, it's hiking, hiking, hiking—hiking the live-
long day;

And it's pouring, pouring, pouring from the
heavens leaden gray;

And it's eighty miles from quarters, and eight
thousand miles from home;

And you're hungry, wet and tired, and you
roam, roam, roam.

MAJOR ANTITHESIS SOUR.

Once, in the far-famed Philippines,
When war was sometimes rife,
There reigned an army officer,
Who dearly loved his life.

He held a little four-walled town,
And kept it neat and clean:
But when the soldiers hit the hills—
His Grace was seldom seen.

Now Major Sour was a man
Large-bellied, bold and grand;
With whiskers white and haughty mien
That spake, "I rule the land."

He regulated what should be
The market-price of fruit:
Which way the inside gate-guard faced
To give the royal salute.

He worried lest a Moro kid
Should, 'neath his jacket, hold
A mango knife—or opium
For Chinos bad and bold.

He worried lest the weeds should grow
 Within the flowered park.
And had his vigilantes guard
 His door-steps after dark.

And when a Moro, through the wall,
 Stood looking rather grim,
Three companies and gatlings twain
 Were straightway hurled at him.

But when the soldiers left the town,
 He kept behind a guard;
And trembling (for his army's fate),
 He paced Headquarter's yard.

Oh Major Sour, when we stop
 To think of you—we're fain
To hold our splitting sides with mirth,
 And laugh and laugh again.

THE NIGHT REST.

When the first stars light and the gloom of night
Falls over the paddies bare,
When the lizards mock and the mongrels bark,
And cooler grows the air.

When the tropic heat has ceased to beat
With a vengeance fierce as fire;
And the swaying palm in the growing calm
Is lulling your tepid ire.

When you hear the crunch and the steady munch
Of the horses grazing near;
And the rhythmic tread like muffled lead
Of the sentry's pacing drear.

When you've hit the trail till the last lights fail;
When you know you've earned your rest;
When the chill night air o'er the paddies bare
Make blankets doubly blest.

And the evening breeze, with your head at ease
In your saddle's sunken seat;
And you watch afar and greet each star
As a friend—old, loved, discreet.

When each bright light in the vaulted night
Looks down on your fevered face:
When you forget the day's regret,
And your hate for the island race.

When the monkey's speech and the parrot's
screech
Is hushed till another day;
When the East is black where the bamboos crack,
And the West has a streak of gray.

* * * * *

Oh the quiet calm—oh the restful balm
Of the glorious star-strewn shore;
And a little space, by Night's good grace,
From the scenes of a tropic war.

THE BOSOBOSO TRAIL.

Ask the men of "I" troop,
Ask the men of "L,"
How they struck the rugged trail
When the twilight fell.

White and clear the stars shone
In the coming night;
Westward o'er Manila
Lingered yet the light.

News of trouble spreading
'Cross the mountains fast,
Treacherous Bosoboso
Is the culprit last.

Stable horse and saddle,
Spur and carbine stout;
Antipolo watching
As the troops ride out.

Black the night falls faster,
Black the mountains rise,
And the forest shutting
Out the star-flecked skies.

Know ye tropic jungles,
When the sun has set,
And the gloom lies heavy,
Stifling, black and wet?

In the light of noon-day
Troopers curse and rail
At the bough-hung, winding
Bosoboso trail.

In the jungle nightfall
Naught the eye may see,
Shelving rock and gulley,
Root and bough of tree.

This the men of "I" troop,
And the men of "L,"
Of the old Fifth Cavalry
Struck as evening fell.

And, dismounting, each one
Leading slow his horse,
Grasping tail of beast ahead,
Plunging o'er the course.

Horses tramping on you
When the column stops;
Pulling arms from sockets,
When it forward rocks.

If you lose your leader—
If your footing fail—
Lost the column plunges
From the inky trail.

In a gloom where owls might
Scarcely hope to see;
Stumbling, crashing over
Rock and fallen tree.

'Midst the fevered blackness
Of the jungle's heart;
From all human feelings
Torn far apart.

Plunging mad and weary,
Bruised and full of hate;
Knowing, caring little
Where the "umbres" wait.

Cursing "insurrectos,"
And the lights that fail;
Cursing low and stoutly
Bosoboso's trail.

MAIL-DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Clatter, clatter, nearer, nearer,
Comes the sound of horses' feet
From Manila-way ahastening,
Down the dusty village street.

Why from quarters, shacks and stables,
Why from near and far away,
Stream the soldiers shouting welcome
To the rider, dusty gray?

E'en the cook lets drop the ladle,
Handle first into the slum;
E'en the sick raise on their elbows
When those clattering hoof-beats come.

E'en the commissary sergeant,
Quick forgetting troubles all,
Drops "invoices" and "returns," and
Comes arunning at the call.

While across the way the captain,
From his quarters looking o'er,
Seems impatient, anxious, waiting,
Pray what *is* he watching for?

Stoops the rider from his saddle,
Throwing down a canvas bag,
Stained and dirty, striped and lettered,
"U. S. Mail" (the blessed rag).

Then the troop-clerk, ostentatious,
Opens up the bag and then,
Crowding round him breathless, noiseless,
Surge a silent sea of men.

Standing shoulder rubbing shoulder,
Upturned faces anxious drawn,
Listening for their names and watching
'Till the last white missive's gone.

Next a scatt'ring back to quarters,
Where the bunks are promptly "hit,"
Then an opening of the letters,
Which a month ago were writ.

"Bronco" Bill with index-finger
Runs along each precious line,
And a smile is softly growing
O'er those features rough as pine.

And "the Kid" has got a photo
That he's eyeing awful well,
'Tis a picture of—oh, really,
It is hardly fair to tell.

Sergeant Smith, an old campaigner,
Shows with pride a golden curl
To his bunkie, speaking husky,
"From my little six-year girl."

Thompson has a box of candy,
And his popularity
(Which was never much to brag of)
Has developed wonderfully.

"Bowery Pete" quite freely tells you
He's a letter from his "goil;"
And he'd like to put you next that
She is sure a little "poil."

Little Johnson's reading closely,
Little Johnson's eyes are wet,
Now he's staring out the window,
And his look is sort of set.

Some are laughing, some are eating,
Some are reading, some are glad,
Some are talking, some are singing,
Some—well, some look kind of bad.

PHILIPPINE TWILIGHT.

Slowly the sun is sinking,
Slowly the lights grow dim;
Slowly down in the tropic sea
Droppeth the burning rim.

Slowly the farther islands
Melt in the mellow maze;
Slowly out on the whitened walls
The lizards creep to gaze.

Slowly the snowy parrots
Sweep to their jungle rest.
Slowly the gold and crimson
Fade in the darkening west.

Slowly the tasseled palm-leaves
Sway in the evening breeze.
Slowly the old familiar stars
Rise o'er the tallest trees.

• Slowly the hike and skirmish,
Fever and burning days,
Treachery, hate and malice,
Melt in the evening haze.

Slowly the Visions wander
Over the alien sea—
Faces and towns and rivers;
Known to you and me.

Slowly they nestle with us,
There in the tropic night;
Strengthening, soothing, helping,
Seeing our three-fold fight.

Slowly the flaming fire-tree
Turns to a sombre pine.
Slowly the purple clusters
Grow on the barren vine.

Slowly the distant parrots—
Specks in the blackening sky—
Melt into homing swallows,
Over the jungle high.

Slowly the rice-grown paddies,
Wave with the western wheat.
Slowly the scent of violets
Sweetens the humid heat.

Slowly the clouds rose-tinted,
Change to the faces we
Left in the white man's country,
Over the ashen sea.

Slowly the lingering lilac
Fades in the western sky:
Heavy the stifling gloom falls—
Night—and the Visions die.

THE BENO CURSE.

Four we held the lurching litter:
Five they held him in his place:
Dark and crimson, wild and fighting,
Bloody eyes and bloated face.

“’Nother case,” the surgeon muttered,
When they lifted him abed.
Just the “Barbary Coast” of ’Frisco—
Just a taste of “Dago Red.”

* * * * *
Up the transport’s ladder struggling,
Four to one they slip and slide.
Two steps up, and one returning,
Bumping ’gainst the vessel’s side:

Filled with Nagasaki “saki”—
Swearing, cursing, sweating cold—
Knotted muscles, purple, straining,
Roped and thrown down the hold.

* * * * *
We have seen the curse of nations,
’Bove and ’neath the sweltering Line—
Lilac, crimson, white and amber,
Dark and murky, crystal fine.

Juices of the bulb and berry,
Where the jungle flower grows:
Blood of palms, slow-tapped and silent,
Where the phosphor ocean glows.

Juices of the grain and vineyard,
Sweet and bitter, dark and light;
Where the Dipper arches northward,
Pale and shining, fair and white.

But in Beno's grip imprisoned—
Water-colored, harmless, clear—
We have seen the strong men sinking,
Month by month and year by year.

We have seen the bronzed campaigner,
We have seen the beardless cheek,
Earn the eyes that lack the lustre,
Lose the lips that mark the weak.

We have seen the hands of giants
Tremble like a child with chills,
Till, befuddled, wan and wandering,
Crazed, they sought the silent hills.

(Yes, we know them east and westward,
Amber, crimson, white and clear:
Yes, we've seen the fiends incarnate
Lift the burning levels near

But, we've watched the silent sinking,
Day by day the seasons through;
We have seen the slow damnation:
(Beno, here's a health to you!)

THE REGULAR CAVALREE.

Eyes and ears of the army,
Gallop wild and free,
Feelers and nerves of the central head,
Muddy and swearing and spattered red
With blood of the dying and brains of the dead,
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Flanking the battery's belching blaze,
Crash! and the gunners flee:
Then—off—and away we go—
Down on the infantry's flanks we blow—
Pistol and sabre laying them low—
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Watch the troop-train passing by,
Up from the port of the sea;
Down like the eagle in swiftest flight—
Sweeping the plain in our steel-shod might,
And the enemy curse for their fast to-night—
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Dripping palm and tropic sun,
 (Remembered by you and me),
Riding the trails we learned to hate—
“Emergency Rations” ten days straight—
And the fever that cometh soon or late—
 To the Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
 The Regular Cavalree!

Pennsylvania Avenue,
 The Great Man’s escort we;
Polished and clanking and looking our best,
Cursing the work for a beastly pest;
The pride of the Nation are riding abreast—
 The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
 The Regular Cavalree!

"TAPS."

We've heard it in the mountains,
We've heard it in the vale,
We've heard it in the times of peace,
And when the war-dogs trail.
We've heard it in the jungle,
We've heard it 'midst the snows,
We've heard it—yes—'most everywhere,
And we love it—God knows.

We've heard it and it stood for
A little rest and sleep,
When the twinkling sentries overhead
Their "post" and "orders" keep.
When the great war-god Orion
Looked down from out the night,
And bade us think of those at home
Beneath another light.

We've heard it when we bivouacked
Behind the day's alarm:
We've heard it when we buried him
Beneath the tropic palm:
We've heard it on the transport,
We've heard it on the plain,
We've heard it in the islands
'Midst the fever and the rain.

We've heard it, and the ringing
Down through the countless years,
Will take us back to war and strife,
To love and joy and tears.
And when the last great muster
Shall find us on the roll,
We *hope* they're blowing Taps again—
To speed a soldier's soul.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.*

Mighty scribes of inky prowess, mighty generals of the pen,
From your fortress desks ye've hurtled, 'gainst a splendid man of men,
All your quibs and shafts of laughter, all your venom small and mean,
To amuse a certain public, slandering, but yet unseen.

When ye fed upon a bottle, when ye walked the city street,
When ye lived in ease and comfort, speeding pleasure's hours fleet,
When ye led the light cotillion, when ye ate three "squares" a day,
When at ball, in gold and medals, ye were flirting hours away,

He was fighting where the slaughter of a brothers' war ran high,
On those crimson fields of horror, 'neath a sunny southern sky.
He was chasing the Apache 'cross the choking khaki plain,
In the land of rock and sage-brush, alkali and little rain.

He—as the commanding general—in his later
honorèd days,
Held the rank, but hampered ever—snub and
censure—never praise.
Misdemeanor or dishonor at his door was never
lain,
But ye dig your quills the deeper, shrieking,
“Vain! Ambitious! Vain!”

Ask the brown and hardened trooper dating back
to Wounded Knee,
Ask the old who fought in '60, ask the young
across the sea.
They will answer, for they know him—soldiers'
friend and brave and true—
Honor to the flag and country and the blood-
bathed army blue.

*On his retirement.

THE SONG OF THE BATTLESHIP.

*This is the song of the battleship—
King of the fighting line—
Broad and huge and massive,
Ploughing the white-flecked brine:
Rolling the coal black clouds abaft,
Belching fire and flame—
Death and Hell's destruction for
The honor of our name.*

Oh the cruiser's mighty speedy,
And she can show her heels,
But a rattling rapid motion—
I don't know how it feels.
The cruiser she is graceful,
And long and high and fine,
But I'm the column's mainstay—
The bull-dog of the line.

Torpedo-boats and submarines
They flash and dart and glide;
They plunge and hit and get away,
They break the battle's tide;
They carry death's destruction,
They fight like little men,
But when they have to cut and run—
They seek my turrets, then.

The grey-hounds and the hornets
They scout and chase and fight;
We could not do without them
In the daytime or the night.
But the back-bone of the battle,
When the twelve-inch ravens fly,
Is where beneath my fighting-tops
Your hear the battle-cry.

You see my low round turrets
Hurl flame and shot and shell—
You see through torn side and deck
My boilers' gaping hell—
You hear the roar and thunder
Of "six" and "eight" and "ten"—
You hear the cheer of victory—
The prayers of dying men.

And when the last faint echo
Has sped across the sea,
And when the last war-clouds have rolled
Abaft the squadron's lee,
They pat me and they praise me,
And they say things large and fine—
To the ugly broad and stumpy
Fighting bull-dog of the line.

*This is the song of the battleship—
A floating fortress great;
Massive, snarling, smoke-begrimed—
Defender of the State:
Lord of the red-embattled foam—
King of the crimsoned seas—
Where'er the conquering Stars and Stripes
Are flung to the battle breeze.*

AROLAS AT JOLO.

(A True Tale.)

Hated by those in power high,
In the land that gave me birth,
They hunted the countries of East and West
For the vilest hole on earth.

They could not kill me there and then,
Without the large offence,
So they sought for the sickliest spot they knew,
And quickly sent me thence.

Then in Madrid they laughed and sneered,
And wagered their plundered gold,
On the number of months or weeks or days
From the fever's grip I'd hold.

And it grew to a joke on the laughing lips
Of the dukes and the high grandees,
Of the new command the king had found
For me in the phosphor seas.

Far down in the south of the Philippines,
On the coast of a fevered isle,
In the midst of the stench of a jungle-swamp,
In the heart of the tropic's bile:

In the land of the Moro and pirate and snake,
And the glare of the scorching sky,
They stationed Arolas, a general of Spain,
With a handful of men—to die.

So we fought the fanatics who came from the
hills,
And the pirates who came from the seas;
Then we turned on our last and our deadliest
foe,

The fever that came on the breeze.

Sick'ning and toiling, we drained and filled,
Till acres of marsh turned land:
And the fever that reigned in the reeking place
Was choked with an iron hand.

Then we builded a wall with the bricks they
sent,

And pieces of coral rock;
The better our dwindled band to guard
Against the Mohammedan flock.

Within the loop-holed walls we laid
Streets, shaded, graded, broad:
Cuartel and plaza, flowered parks—
Fit town for any lord.
Block-houses, light-house, waterworks:

Ten fathoms off the pier;
And virgin soil in the shaded vales,
And pearls in the waters near.

The weeks rolled by, and the months rolled by,
And the seasons slowly spent;
But never a word of me or mine,
On the home-bound mail-boat went.

Madrid perplexed, Manila-ward
Sent message o'er the sea—
"Arolas stationed in the South—
What news of him have ye?"

Then from Manila down they came,
Gold-laced, officious, grand;
Wide-mouthed they gazed on street and park,
Wall, light-house, sea and land.

Well-ordered—cool—clean—healthy—strong—
They saw my place aright—
And in my gaunt and weathered face,
They read the fearful fight.

* * * * *

To-day I bowed before my King—
(The Nobles bowed to me)—
And Spain exultantly extols
My name from sea to sea.

THE EMPIRE CITIES.

*These are the songs we proudly sing—the Empire
cities eight—*

*For we stand for a land, broad, fertile, grand; and
rich and strong and great.*

New York.

I cast my eyes to eastward, and the sea gives up
its store;

I cast my eyes to westward where the mill and
railroad roar,

And the riches of the Eastland and the riches
of the West,

I pour across the stormy seas to nations lesser
blest.

And where spire and twenty-story building bite
the morning sky,

My thirty nations love and fight and live and toil
and die.

Philadelphia.

I claim no thirty nations—I boast no violent
strife—

And they taunt me for my slowness and my
steady, quiet life,

But rich and poor and great and small, however
far they roam,

They cherish me and love me—for all that mean-
eth Home.

And the loom and lathe and hammer turn and
pound the livelong day,
And a solid prosperous present blends with glorious
memories gray.

Washington.

I hold the nation's destiny, I hold the people's
fate,
My mandates bind from old Cape Cod 'cross to
the Golden Gate,
And the mightiest nations of the earth beyond
the purple sea,
Their jeweled and ribboned ministers they eager
send to me.
And prince and king and emperor in fear or
dread or hate,
On word or ultimatum mine must patiently
await.

Chicago.

The way unto the heartstrings of the animal
called man
Is through his stomach—thus the very ancient
proverb ran.
So if any city of the earth deserves more love
than I,
It must be where the manna falls in showers
from the sky.

Duluth to Buffalo my ships sail o'er the saltless
seas,
And railroads sending food, bring gold, and give
my people ease.

San Francisco.

Like Rome of old, on rugged hills, I sit in maj-
esty,
And from my mighty cliffs look out across a
sunset sea,
And the riches of the Orient, silk, tea, pearl, jade
and spice,
Must enter through my Golden Gate, your cul-
tured to suffice.
And hidden batt'ries 'mong my cliffs inspect the
western sky,
For I watch the Asian millions with an ever
wakeful eye.

Honolulu.

The jewel of the Orient where the lava hot is
hurled,
I'm famed abroad the beauteous garden spot of
all the world.
Two thousand miles to eastward lies my mother
country great,
And to her I join the Philippines and watch the
islands' fate.
And the splendors of the Orient and glories of
the West,
Commingling with the flag I float, ordain me
triply blest.

Sitka.

I guard the northern waters, I gather hide and
fur,
I watch the poachers off the coast, and catch
them should they err.
And the glories of the Northern Lights above the
frozen sea,
Their dazzling scintillating flames are flashing
fierce and free.
The nations send their best and worst to me to
gather gold;
And the snowy passes grimly grasp their victims
manifold.

Manila.

Your farthest outpost here I stand upon the
Asian coast,
Headquarters for your Eastern trade and valiant
khaki host;
And thirty miles across the bay beyond Cor-
regidor
The ever troubled China Sea is lapping China's
shore.
And Cebu hemp and Jolo pearls, Luzon tobacco
too,
I ship to east and westward, and swell your
revenue.

*This is the chorus where we join hands 'cross the
land and sea,
For the fame we sing is a lasting thing, and
helpeth you and me.*

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

*The laws of other nations they are writ in black
and white,
On paper or on parchment or in volumes mani-
fold;
But the principle unwritten that we cherish in our
might
Is stamped across the people's hearts in words
of flaming gold.*

Where the icy Arctic waters crash against the
northern shores,
Where Antarctic drifts are flowing past Cape
Horn,
Where the Yukon widens broadly in its roadway
to the sea,
Where the snow-peaked Andes rise to greet
the morn.

Where the ruins of the Incas and the Aztecs tell
a tale
Of culture and of riches dead and past.
And the newer nations rising on the ashes of
the gone
Are forging forward free and strong and fast.

The eagle of the northern brother stretches over
all,

His wings protecting, wings of justice far;
From Atlantic to Pacific, over mountain, pampas,
plain,

From the Southern Cross unto the Northern
Star.

In his left claw he is holding forth the olive
branch of peace

To the mighty nations just across the sea.
But his right claw firmly grasps the reddened
two-edge sword of war,
And his piercing eye is roving fierce and free.

And across Atlantic waters stands the ancient
mighty lion,

His shaggy jaws a-quiver in their greed.
And the ponderous bear beside him has a look
within his eyes
That plainly says, "I follow where you lead."

And the eagle of the Baltic hath his talons open
wide

As he gazes on the greater one in hate.
And the lion and bear and eagle and their brethren
roar and screech,
And threaten, growl and storm—but hesitate.

What mandate that is written down in book or
tablet strong,
What mighty lay of International Law,
Is holding back in chains unseen, but chains
thrice doubly strong,
Armed bird and beast upon the farther shore?

None—only one small principle pronounced in
'23,
But wrapped and cherished in our hearts since
then.
Upheld, supported, honored, loved by great,
small, bad and good,
By all the millions of our fighting men.

*The laws of other nations they are writ in black
and white,
On paper or on parchment or in volumes mani-
fold;
But the principle unwritten that we cherish in our
might,
Is stamped across the people's hearts in words
of flaming gold.*

THE SONG OF ASIA.

Northward, southward, eastward, westward,
frozen cape to boiling sea;
Tinted ocean, jeweled islands, west to Urals bold
and free.
Standing for the oldest nations, standing for the
oldest gods;
For those Oriental monarchs ruling stern with
iron rods.

Where the Yellow River broadens, where the
Gobi sand storms drive,
Where the Lama rules in Lassa, where the yel-
low millions thrive,
I have watched the Dragon Monarchs in their
Oriental might,
Conquer from the Irawaddy northward to the
Arctic night.

Where the mighty steppes are leading down to
Iran's sandy plain,
Gorgeous Persian king and satrap once did con-
quer, love and reign.
Where the great twin rivers windeth through
the cradle of the World,
To the Macedon and Roman, culture's banner
I unfurled.

Jewels of Ind and silks of Cáthay, Persian rug
and Arab gold,
Splendor, History and Tradition all in me you
may behold.
Tyre and Sidon planting cities on the greatest
inland seas;
Sending gorgeous goods of mine that Rome
might have her luxuries.

Where the Tigris and Euphrates meet and singly
seaward flow,
I have watched the greatest cities of the whole
world rise and grow—
Babylon the proud and mighty—Ninevah the old
and grand—
Empire cities wielding power over river, sea and
land.

Samarcand who held the prestige long of bloody
Tartar lords,
Making fame of Central Asia awful to the north-
ern hordes.
Delhi flashing white and dazzling 'neath a red
and burning sun,
Home of Grand Moguls the gorgeous—ere their
setting had begun.

Frozen tundras of my northlands, fertile valleys
of my east,
Burning southlands jeweled but starving—west,
the land of song and feast.
Genghis Khan, Confucius, Omar, Cyrus, Buddha,
Tamerlane—
With those names and golden mem'ries wonder
ye that I am vain?

I have hurled my hosts of henchmen like the
lightning in its haste,
Westward o'er the plains of Europe laying
slaughter, blood and waste.
I have seen those iron conquerors, from Europa's
barbarous state
Raise the kingdoms of the present—learn'd and
many, strong and great.

I was ancient, I was mighty when no other lands
were known:
From my Himalayan foot hills sprang the
tongues ye call your own.
First to leave the savage Stone Age, when the
cultured arts unfurled,
Look to me and bow obeisance—I, the Mother of
the World.

THE CALLING OF THE WINDS.

The Winds of the World are calling—
There's a longing in your breast
For the mighty sweep of the great seas deep,
And the breath of the mountain-crest:
And ye long for another region—
And ye long for another clime—
For the friend or foe ye used to know,
And the days of another time.

The Winds of the World are calling—
And will ye answer nay?
Ye know the World, where the palms unfurled,
Where the seal and the walrus play:
Where the rivers through the jungle
Are washing their virgin banks,
Where fir and pine 'neath the Arctic line
Stand straight in their serried ranks.

The Winds of the World are calling—
And will ye go and do
The things afar of peace or war
That beckoning call to you—
O'er the trail of the tropic mountain,
O'er pampas, sea and plain,
O'er Arctic floe, in the driving snow,
Or the red Equator's rain?

The Winds of the World are calling—
And will ye answer no?
Or run amuck and cast your luck
Where the counter-tradewinds blow?
Where the stilted laws of city,
(Each day fore-settled—planned—)
Are broke in twain on sea and plain
In the tracts of No Man's Land.

A BALLAD OF THE OLD EAST.

In an old and distant country, in the day of long
ago,
Lived a rich and mighty monarch by the Oxus'
winding flow.

Greatly feared by all his foemen, greatly loved by
all his own,
Brave and just—beneath his power vast and
strong the land had grown.

For the fittest of the kingdom—for the glory of
the State—
Issued he a proclamation to the lowly and the
great.

And outside the palace-gardens, and within the
market-square,
All day long the prince and beggar came to
wonder and to stare.

Came to wonder, came to ponder, rub his pate
for aught that he
For his king or for his country had performed
on land or sea.

Read the placards boldly lettered—"I the mon-
arch now proclaim
To the benefactor greatest of my glorious do-
main,

"Who to-morrow after sunrise, in my jewel'd and
golden hall,
Proves to me he merits honors greater than his
fellows all,

"Unto him I'll measure justly, from my own
abundant store,
Gold and jewels and hides as much as he can
carry from the door."

On the morrow ere the sunrise scarce had crept
across the plain,
Came in throngs the wondering people, some to
watch and some to gain.

Into gate and into palace at their lord the king's
behest.
These in rags, and those in mantles, came they
all however dressed.

On his throne of oak and ivory, clad in purple
and in gold,
Sat the pride of ancient Asia, young in looks, in
wisdom old.

Courtiers none there stood beside him, but before
his dazzling throne,
Mingled with the meanest servile, lowly stood
to plead their own.

Through the long and tedious hours patiently
the monarch heard,
Never once the face relaxing, never once a praising word.

One and only one was waiting to advance and
face his lord,
Gorgeous flashed his warrior trappings, brightly
blazed his heavy sword.

Long and deep were seen the gashes on the stern
and haughty face,
Pride was he of all the noblest—bravest of a
mighty race.

Still unbending, unrelenting, though his favorite
onward came,
Sat the king and raising sceptre bade him now
proclaim his fame.

In a voice by battle hardened; slowly drawing
round his cloak,
Confident, expectant striding, low he bent and
boldly spoke—

“Where the mighty southern mountains lift their
snowy peaks on high,
Where the blackened hordes are sweltering
'neath a blue and blazing sky:

“Where the sacrificial river wends its way unto
the shore,
Through the tangled wood and jungle where the
lion and tiger roar :

“Where the yellow swarms assemble 'neath their
dragon banners bright,
Where the Yangtze broadens grandly in the
realm of Buddha's might :

“Where the sands of regal Persia parch the lip
and close the eye,
And on Mesopotamian rivers fast the dark-
eyed boat-men ply :

“I have left in slain and plundered—I have left
in blood and flame,
Tracks of glory to my monarch—terror for my
sovereign's name.”

But commotion 'mong the listeners caused the
king to turn his head,
And reluctant from the people, partly pushed and
blushing red,

Stepped a youth but scarcely twenty, hardly
known was his name ;
Sneered the chief that such a stripling came to
snatch the wreath of fame.

"Mighty king, my lord and master," spoke the
youth in faltering tones,
Smoking cities, crimsoned rivers, gory fields and
whitening bones,

"Have I none to lay before thee—coming but to
hear and learn,
Since a few have forced me forward, list, though
little ye'll discern.

"In my home among the mountains runs a broad
and hurrying stream,
Gliding swiftly to'ards the sunset where we see
the Oxus gleam.

"On the banks to north and southward by the
mountain breezes fanned,
Lie a score of towns and hamlets, fair as any in
the land.

"While above, within the river, long has stood
an ancient dam,
Where in break of budding season I was hunting
with Oyam—

"Friend of boyhood, and together walking up
beside the stream,
Saw I in the dam an opening, saw I there the
water's gleam.

"Saw I twenty thriving hamlets and the faces
left behind,
And the opening growing larger, and the waters
unconfined.

"'Quick, Oyam,' I shouted loudly, 'speed as
speeds the wintry blast!
Look, the wall is slowly parting! Warn the vil-
lages we passed!'

"To the opening rushed I quickly, thrusting half
my body through,
From my waist to feet in water, which each mo-
ment colder grew.

"But the break was filled completely, when, ac-
complishing the sought,
From my limbs the cold was creeping slowly
headward, drowning thought.

"That is all, except my comrade, with the setting
of the sun,
Hastening came with many workers, and my
humble task was done."

Risen had the mighty monarch from his seat of
oak and gold,
Gathered close about the stripling pressed the
courtiers young and old.

While the murmur of approval high and ever
higher swelled,
Till the monarch raised his sceptre, bade that
silence should be held.

Spake the king in accents ringing, "Lo, before
me plainly glide
Visions twain, in mighty contrast, slowly through
the landscape ride.

"In the one is war and tumult, blazing home and
ruined land,
Scowling mount and bleeding river, tell the con-
queror's iron hand.

"In the other peace and gladness, happy hamlets,
waving grain,
Lofty mountains, silv'ry rivers flowing through
a fruitful plain.

"Youth, come hither, take the jewels, take the
ivory. hides and gold,
Take the yet more priceless treasure, take our
blessings manifold.

"And to-morrow with the rising of the glorious
morning sun,
You will find the royal commission that you
royally have won:

“Over-lord of all the hamlets in the valley of the
Ming,
Bearer of the Golden Sceptre, Second Councillor
to the King.”

THE FAILERS.

Look Lord upon thy Failers,
On river and land and sea;
Who've toiled and fought for the things they
sought,
But losers utterly.
Their prestige o'er the Nation,
Rings not through the Hall of Fame,
For to the grave—crushed, weary, brave—
They go with knownless name.

They've split the rock, they've furled the sail,
They've grasped the pen and gun,
They've beaten the paths of the boundless earth,
'Neath the snow and the tropic sun:
They've striven—(Lord they've striven—)
'Gainst the luck and the odds that are;
Through day and night a ceaseless fight,
And lost their guiding star.

Look Lord on the mighty Failers,
With thought and purpose high;
Look Lord on the feebler Failers,
And do not pass them by.
They've fought a great and glorious fight—
They've missed their golden goal—
Their hearts are crushed in the great world's
rush,
Touch Thou the Failer's soul.

Oh Lord of the ancient ages,
Oh Lord of the oldest past,
Oh Lord of the splendid present,
And the future to the last,
Look down on thy fruitless strivers—
Thy Failers of East and West—
And grant them a double blessing Lord,
Ye grant to all the rest.

THE SCOURGE OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

Brightly across the white-flecked sea
Languished the tropic breeze,
Tossing above the coral beach
The palms' long tasseled leaves.

Up in the dazzling cloudless sky,
Flashing their plumage white,
Darted the screeching parrots by
High in the crystal light.

Just where the beach to the palm-grove ran,
Under the swaying shade,
Throned on the silks of the Orient,
Grasping a crimsoned blade;

Weathered and scowling, iron-muscled and
scar'd,
Glance like the eagle free,
Turban'd and terrible, feared and obeyed—
Rested the Scourge of the Sea.

Backed by a score of dare-devil dogs,
Ominous, armed and grim;
Fearless of death. or of God or man,
But cowed in the sight of him.

Glancing sinister where on the beach,
Close by the lapping sea,
Tremblingly stood a man. woman and child,
Suppliant prisoners three.

Rolling like thunder across the brine
Down on the ship-strewn shore,
Rumbled the voice of the pirate king,
Shaming the batteries' roar:

"Tell me no story of life or love,
Or whimpering plaint of the sea;
For God and the Devil and Death and Life
Are ever the same to me.

"If living were cherished, why held ye not
To the coasts of France and Spain?
Forfeit ye treasure and ship and life,
When ye come to the Spanish Main.

"Jolly red dogs, at the pistol-crack,
Reach for your cutlasses bold.
To they who shall bring me the bleeding hearts,
A handful of Spanish gold."

In speaking, he turned to his rabble crew,
Away from the captives three,
When, looking around, the scoundrel gasped,
For there at his very knee

Was a three-year-old, with the brightest curls,
And the biggest bluest eyes,
That ever gazed in a pirate's face
From under those tropic skies.

Fearless she answered the threatening scowl
Of the Scourge of the Spanish Main;
Hated and feared and shunned by the ships
Of England and France and Spain.

"*You* wouldn't hurt my muvver or
My daddy or—or me?
We never meant you any harm
When we came out to sea.

"For muvver she was awful sick.
De doctor told papa,
Dat if she didn't go to sea,
I'd lose my good mamma."

And climbing on the pirate's knees,
Her head upon his breast;
"If you don't hurt 'em—next to ma
And dad—I'll love *you* best."

Far far beyond the glistening sands,
Across that white-flecked sea,
The villain's cruel eyes gazed out,
Straight, long and fixedly.

Was there a tear upon the lash?
'Twas a fleck of the ocean spray.
Was there a heave of the mighty chest?
'Twas a breath in the sea-dog's way.

Was there a light in the cruel eyes
That knew nor love nor grief?
'Twas only a flash of the dazzling sun,
Through the palm's slow-swaying leaf.

Gently he lifted the little tot
Down on the glittering sand,
And with his fingers among her curls,
Turned to his desperate band.

"Go put the captain, wife and child
Aboard 'The English Maid':
Unchain the crew—away with you,
Haste and ye fear my blade."

Into the maiden's chubby fist
He pressed a signet ring;
Murmuring low—"Remember me
When the first red robins sing:

"When the grass smells sweet in the English dew,
And the nodding daisies wave
In the scented breeze of the budding trees,
O'er a child and a mother's grave."



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